

Game, Set, Match

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Summary: Astrid Hofferson has always been able to get what she wants, but one night with Hiccup Haddock ends up throwing her off, and she can't seem to figure out why. Has she met her match? (Modern AU, Punk!Hiccup)

1. Haddock

__**This is my first attempt at a HTTYD/Hiccstrid story. They are my OTP and I really liked this idea, so I decided to write it up.**__

_Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD. _

_(A/N: For the sake of this story I have decided to put them all in a boarding school called Berk's Academy. Everyone knows each other except for Hiccup.) _

__**Game, Set, Match**__

Haddock

Astrid had been attending Berk Academy since she was a freshman. So far, they've been the best four years of her life. She's made some of the best friends, and of course, some enemies.

You see, Astrid runs the school. She's popular, plays soccer, and runs track. She has almost every student wrapped around her finger, having them all bowing down to her.

She has a certain group that she's been with since she started attending the school. Ruff and Tuff Thorston, the reckless twins. Lout Jorgenson, the jock, and Fishlegs Ingernan, the nerdy one.

Of course, those were just nicknames.

Astrid looked over at Ruff, who was walking beside her "I hate

boarding school."

"Only boarding school? You've hated school since pre-k."

Ruff nodded as she pushes the doors open to the lobby.

One thing Astrid loves about boarding school is getting to share a room with Ruff. They don't have to deal with lockers, or people getting in their way while they're getting things for classes. She doesn't even have to share a room with a stranger.

"Hey," Ruff started as she pushed the button on the elevator "did you hear Lout's cousin is going to start coming this year?"

"His cousin? Gods, I hope he's not as annoying as Lout."

Ruff shrugged and opened their room door, throwing her bag onto the floor and falling onto the bed that will now be hers for a year "That Heather girl-"

"The one I can't stand?"

Ruff nodded "She apparently dated him for years."

Astrid laughed and started pulling clothes out of her bag "Must suck for him. Then again, anyone that dates Heather must have low standards."

"Unattractive?"

"He's definitely got to be unattractive."

Their room door opened and Tuff walked in, Fish right behind him "Come on you two, lunch is getting ready to start!"

"Lout is already waiting in the cafeteria." Fish added.

Astrid nodded and slipped on a sweatshirt. She wished there was a mirror set up somewhere in the room so she could see if she looks somewhat decent.

This is the first day that she'll be seeing everyone. She pulled her hair off to the side, running her fingers through it before throwing it up into a bun. It's not like the school doesn't know who she is.. Except the freshman, but she'll put them in their place if they cross her.

"Hey Hofferson, let's go! There's good food calling my name!" Ruff called from the door. Astrid nodded, digging through her bag for her room key, and following her friends down to the cafeteria.

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Astrid would wave to someone every few seconds before shoveling more food into her mouth. She may be tiny, and she may be trying to watch her weight, but her schools food is too good for her to pass up. She could eat it all day.

Lout looked at his phone, groaning. Astrid paused, looking across the

table at her friend "What's going on?" she asked around her form.

He frowned, tossing his phone on the table "My cousin is going to be here soon."

"What's he like?" Ruff asked, putting her elbows on the table and looking at Lout.

"Annoying." he said, shoving his tray towards Astrid "He's different."

Astrid tilted her head "Different how?"

"Different as in... He lost a leg. He has a prosthetic."

Astrid set her fork down and leaned back in the chair, crossing her arms "That's pretty badass."

"Oh, well, he'll definitely fit in good with Astrid's stamp of approval." Ruff laughed, elbowing Astrid's sides.

"He'll need it."

Astrid stared towards a table a few away from them. She was watching one of the girls that was there. Heather. This girl has gotten on Astrid's nerves since day one, always trying to be better than her. They've gotten in more arguments that she can count.

"So, Heather dated him?" She asked, not taking her eyes off Heather. Lout nodded and Astrid looked at him "_Why_?"

Ruff was looking past Astrid towards a different table. Her eyes had landed on someone that looked familiar and she couldn't place the name. When Lout opened his mouth to answer, Ruff swung her arm out, hitting Astrid and pointing "Dagur's back."

Astrid looked in the direction that Ruff was pointing. She frowned, glaring at him.

Dagur is a guy that tried to ruin her life last year, in her and Ruff's book anyway. Astrid slept with him after a game, and he had started a rumor about her. Astrid doesn't do well with rumors. When she heard, her and Ruff started making the guys life hell, it was easy, really. He left for the year, but she guesses he decided to show his face again.

"Guess he decided he'd try to start new." Astrid mumbled.

Ruff frowned "I think he knows not to come near you."

"Oh, I know he does. I'd kill him."

She turned back to face Lout, leaning on the table. She wasn't even sure what the boys were talking about, and she really didn't care. She pushed her chair back and stood up "I'm going to get my schedule."

Ruff grabbed her arm before she walked away "Can you get mine too? I don't feel like getting up."

"Yeah, yeah. I'll pretend to be Ruff Thorston." Ruff waved her off and she chuckled.

She grabbed her lunch tray, throwing it away as she walked towards the office. 'Orientation Day' is always her least favorite day. A bunch of freshman wandering around, lost, standing in the middle of the hallway.

She hates freshman. She hated being a freshman, and she hates talking to them. They are always so... Annoying.

She was about to turn into the office when someone tapped her shoulder. She frowned, turning around getting ready to yell at whatever the freshman was about to ask her now. She snapped her mouth shut when she was now faced with a pair of green eyes. She crossed her arms "What do you want?"

The guy smiled at her and pointed towards the office "Is this where we get schedules?"

"Yes." she snapped, and turned on her heel "What are you? New?"

"Actually, yes."

She paused and turned back around, looking down at their feet before looking up at his face "Lout's cousin." She frowned. He's not... Unattractive like her and Ruff thought. She scowled and turned around, walking towards the desk in the office.

"I see you know my cousin."

"Yeah, and I see you're nothing like him." She walked up to the desk, leaning against "I need my schedule. Oh, and a friends. Astrid Hofferson and Ruff Thorston."

Lout's cousin leaned on the counter next to her while the lady looked for the schedules. He looked at Astrid and smiled "So, which are you? Hofferson or Thorston?"

She forced a smile and debated on lying and saying Thorston. Astrid did say she was going to pretend to be Ruff.

"Hofferson."

"Haddock."

"Is that your real name or last name?"

He gave her a lopsided smile and held a hand out to her "Hiccup."

She glanced at his hand, and then at his face, scowling "Listen, _Hiccup_. I practically run this school. If I like you, _everyone_ will. Stay out of my way."

Hiccup smirked and pulled his hand away. He took in her face before looking down. She punched his arm and pointed to her face "My eyes are up here, perv." he rolled his eyes and made eye contact with her "Okay. I can ready tell I'm not going to like you. I can see right through that stupid smug grin of yours, and I'm not scared to make

your life hell."

She reached across the counter, taking hers and Ruff's schedules "I'll see you around, _Hofferson_. It'll be my pleasure getting to know you."

She frowned and stomped out of the office towards the cafeteria. Hiccup Haddock. Oh, she'll remember the name, and that stupid attractive face of his. "He's so much worse than Snotlout!" she mumbled to herself.

She pushed open the doors and walked over to the table, throwing Ruff's schedule down and slamming her hands on the table "Your cousin is a perv. A _really_ attractive perv!"

Ruff looked up at her and smiled "Sounds like my kind of guy. Where's that one legged perv?"

Astrid glared towards the doors as he walked in, looking around before his eyes landed on her. He shot her a smile and started walking towards them. Astrid's frown deepened and she pointed "There."

2. Date?

**Date?**

Hiccup was laying in his bed, staring at the ceiling. He's been at Berk Academy for a week now, and yes he liked it. He liked the people, but something he really liked was messing with that Hofferson girl. They have three classes together, including a self-defense class. That would have to be his favorite class. Getting to be paired up with that ticking time bomb.

He propped himself up on his elbows and looked over at his roommate, and newest friend, Fish "It's been a week. Tell me about the Hofferson girl."

"Oh, Astrid?" Hiccup nodded and Fish closed his laptop, putting his full attention on Hiccup "She's... Violent. Also, easily one of the most popular girls here. She's _obviously_ good-looking." he paused and thought it over "She's-"

"I don't care for her personality. Is she dating anyone?"

Fish raised an eyebrow. He didn't know Hiccup was interested in Astrid. By the way they acted, he figured they hated each other "Well, she's dated Lout, some Dagur guy... Alvin. They never lasted long. Lout and her only lasted a few hours. Oh! She's slept around."

Hiccup sat up and smiled "She's slept around, huh?" Fish nodded and watched as Hiccup stood up, grabbing his keys and phone "I'll be back later, Fish."

Hiccup walked out of the building and across the campus to the girls dorms. One thing he learned about this school is that every weekend the students were allowed to leave campus and go downtown. He was planning on getting Astrid to go with him.

He walked to her door and knocked. If there was one thing he knew about Astrid, it's that she stays in her room on Friday's, and go out on Saturday's. Actually, Lout had told him that little fact about her.

Matter a few minutes of waiting, she pulled the door open. He smirked, taking in he appearance. She had her hair up in a messy bun, an oversized sweatshirt on, and some shorts "Evening m'lady."

She crossed her arms and glared "I'm not your lady. What do you want?"

"Come out tonight." he said with a smile "It'll be more than being cooped up in your room."

She frowned and rested on of her hands on the door "I don't go out on Friday's."

He smiled and reached forward to grab her arms "Just one Friday, Astrid."

She narrowed her eyes at him and pulled her arm away "You used my first name." since they had met, he had only ever called her by her last name. This was almost a shock to her "I have homework."

"Do it tomorrow."

She rolled her eyes and took a step away from the door, letting him in "I usually go out on Saturday's, but whatever. Let me get changed."

He smiled to himself and sat on the bed that she motioned to "You better be paying for whatever we do."

He looked over at her and watched her walk to her closet. She was making this too easy for him "Of course. Anything for you, m'lady."

Hiccup heard her groan as she pulled a shirt out of her closer "Stop calling me that. Turn around."

He fell backwards on the bed and threw an arm over his eyes "Carry on."

He heard her mumble under her breath, and the sound of clothes moving. He could already tell he was going to enjoy this night.

He listened as she started walking and then started moving something around, probably her makeup. Like she needed any. He rolled his eyes and moved his arm "Can I sit up now?"

"Oh. Yeah, I almost forgot." she mumbled as she applied her makeup.

He sat up and looked at her. She was leaning over the dresser to get closer to the mirror. She had a focused look on her face as she concentrated on her makeup. He may not be completely interested in her, but he does have to admit that she's attractive.

"Okay." she tossed her mascara to the side and turned to him "Let's go."

He stood up and walked towards the door, opening it for her and motioning for her to go first "After you, _m'lady_."

She scowled and looked over her shoulder at him "I _will_ punch you if you call me that again."

Astrid knew she was lying. She felt almost flattered to be called that. She was use to the usual pet names like 'babe' or 'baby' that she usually got from... Everyone. There was just something she actually _likes_ _about_ being called 'm'lady'.

"So, what are you treating me to?"

"Well Miss Hofferson," he started, causing her to roll her eyes "I was thinking since you are almost a stick, that I _could_ treat you to dinner."

She wrapped her arms around her waist and frowned "I am _not_ a stick. I run track and play soccer. I'm _skinny_."

He poked at her side, a smile on his face "You need food. I bet that you're hungry."

She nodded and punched his arm "I am."

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Would this be considered a date? Astrid wasn't sure if she should be concerned about this or not. She was sitting across one of the most attractive guys she's ever seen, and he's laying for her.

They look like they're one a date. When the guy pays, that's usually considered a date, right? He was being... Nice. Nicer than usual. She almost likes it.

"Okay," she said, setting her fork down and narrowing her eyes at him "why are you doing this?"

He raised an eyebrow "Doing what?"

She gestured to the table "This. Buying me dinner, being... _Nice_. You're obviously wanting something."

He frowned and brought a hand to his chest, feigning hurt "I'm hurt that you would think I only did this to get something from you."

She took in his face. The way he was now smiling at her, and those green eyes... She bit her lip and picked her fork back up, taking a large bite of her dessert "I don't think that low of you, Haddock. I mean, I don't even really know you."

"Then get to know me. I don't _want_ anything from you."

She frowned and glared at him "Why do you keep saying that?"

He rolled his eyes and pointed at her "Because _you_ assume it. I'm sorry, Astrid, but I'm the only one who _doesn't_ want... The great

Astrid Hofferson."

She smiled at him and brought her fork up to her lips "Good, because you wouldn't get a chance no matter how nice you are."

"I wouldn't want a chance."

Astrid froze. Someone doesn't want a chance? With her? That's a first. She's actually not sure how that makes her feel. She's so used to being wanted by everyone. She slowly licked her fork and set it back down, not taking her eyes off him. Her curiosity got the best of her "Why don't you want a chance?"

"You're Astrid Hofferson. You're almost the definition of perfect. I've learned that your relationships don't last, and you sleep around."

"What's wrong with that? I'm sure you've never lasted long in a relationship, and have slept around. I mean, look at you!" she said, gesturing to him.

"Three years is a long time, but you wouldn't know that." he leaned on the table and stared her down "There's absolutely nothing wrong with sleeping around." he paused, smiled and shrugged "If you're good in bed."

Astrid slammed her hands on the table and glared "I happen to know that I am very good in bed!" she quieted her voice and leaned closer to him "I also know that Heather refused to sleep with you those three years, and the closest you ever got were constant blow jobs. She tells Lout everything."

Hiccup smirked and shrugged, unfazed by what she said "They were some damn good blow jobs."

She scowled. Does he even know that she can't stand Heather? Does he know that even talking about her makes Astrid mad to no extent?

"I know that I give great blow jobs! You can ask anyone! Lout, Tuff, Dagur-"

Hiccup smirked again. She really has no idea what he's doing. He knows how Astrid feels towards Heather, and he knows that when she's this mad, she'll do just about anything "Why should I ask? Why not just have you show me?"

She leaned away from the table and bit her lip. Give Hiccup a blow job? It's not like her reputation would be at stake. She's already given plenty of them before, what's one more to add to the list? She knows what she's doing. She's sure it wouldn't mean anything, and that she'd be able to prove that she's ten times better than Heather. She scooted her chair back and stood up "Fine. Go outside."

She turned and made her way out to Hiccup's car. She wouldn't be able to explain why she was even going to do this. To prove to him? To prove to herself that she's better than Heather? Both? She doesn't even care, she's just going to enjoy it while it lasts.

Hiccup smiled and stood, throwing the money on the table and following her outside. This went better than he expected. A blow job

from Astrid Hofferson, this night couldn't get any better.

End
file.